

HUMANITY.

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O D E



L O N D O N:

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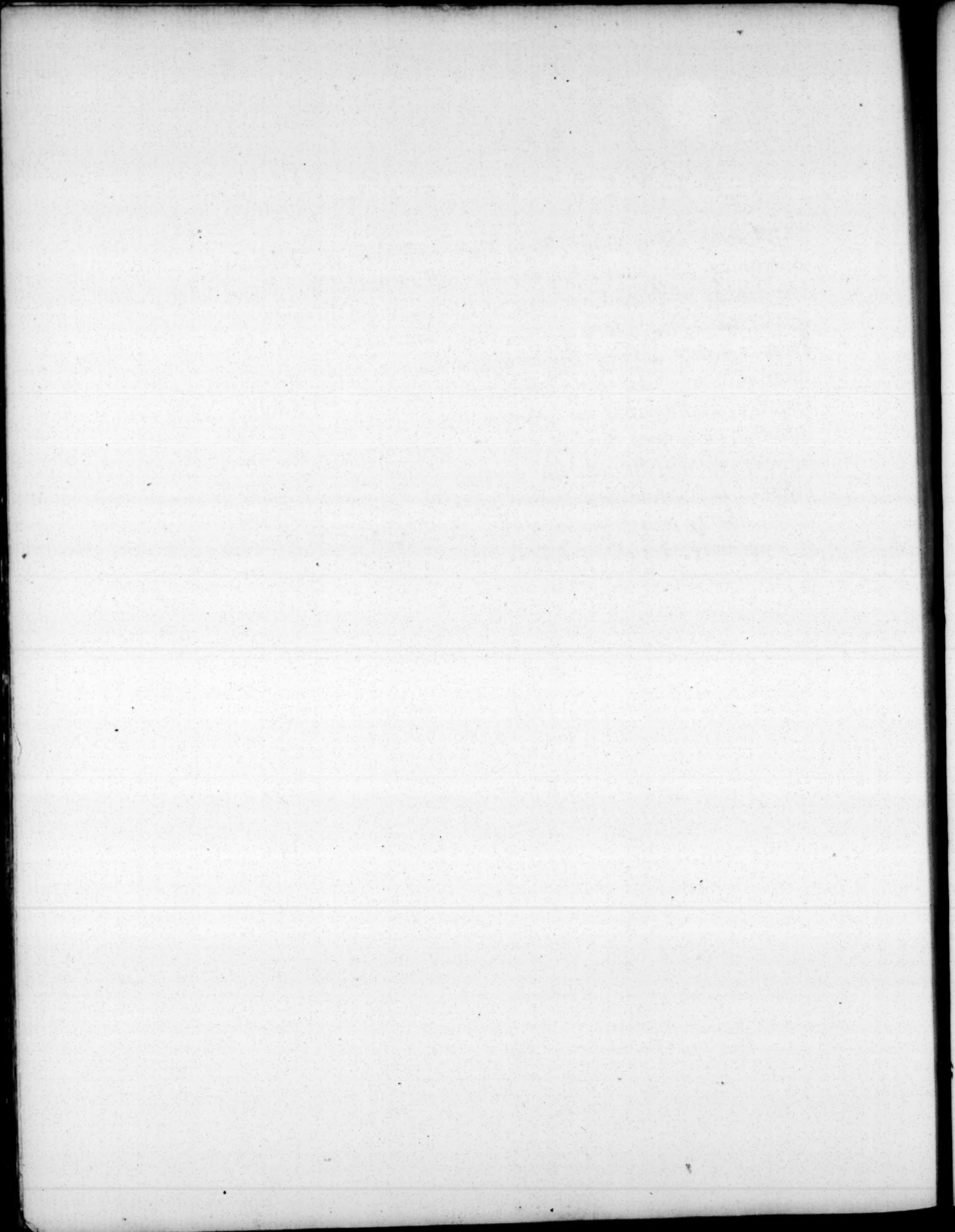
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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Among many other surprising instances of Scipio's humanity, the following is not the least remarkable. Upon the taking of New Carthage in Spain, when Scipio was but twenty-four years of age, there was among the captives a young lady of distinguished beauty, who, by the laws of war, was his undisputable prize. But, upon enquiry, finding that she had been espous'd to a prince of the country, who was himself also a captive, and in the last agonies of despair on her account, the noble Roman restored her unviolated to her husband, and her husband to his liberty and kingdom; for which unparalleled act of humanity, his memory is so deservedly celebrated, and almost adored, by all succeeding ages.



HUMANITY.

A. N.

O D E.

I.

SEE yon angelic face,
With genuine lustre shine;
I cou'd with transport ever gaze
Upon the form divine.

The thrice-illustrious Maid,
In native charms array'd,
No decoration needs ;
An ever-constant foe
To glitt'ring pomp, and show,
In words as well as deeds.

She

[4]

She ne'er can see a wretch in pain,
 But gushing sorrows flow ;
 Nor does the tender nymph disdain
 To weep another's woe.

She, when kind fortune o'er our woe prevails,
 To wear the smiles of sympathy is known ;
 Nor joy, nor grief, the human heart assails,
 But she still makes each joy, each grief, her own ;
 In every nation, clime, and age, the same ;
 Unlimited her praise, *Humanity* her name.

II.

Where uncontrol'd chill winter reigns,
 And binds the glebe in icy chains,
 The ardent fires of her affections glow ;
 Where *Sol* emits indignant rays,
 And scorching heat to earth conveys,
 The cooling *Zephyrs* of her goodness blow.

No region can her clemency confine,
 Nor country her benignity restrain ;
 No season check her generous design,
 Nor limits her benevolence contain.

She, like the sun, with undistinguish'd beams,
 Pours forth on all exhilarating gleams,
 And fostering influence sheds ;
 Distress she visits with relieving hands,
 She, like the heav'ns, her bounteous vail expands,
 And all mankind o'erspreads.

Of

Of sect and party she disclaims
 The narrow bounds, and odious names ;
 But universal harmony pursues ;
 All unconfin'd, with free embrace,
 She comprehends ;—the human race
 With pitying eye impartially she views ;
 With equal ear she hears the cries of all ;
 Enough for her that wants for her assistance call.

III.

Ten thousand matchless charms we find
 In her united and combin'd.
 In her capacious soul we see
 The graces all concenter and agree.

No talents can avail,
 Unguided by her ray ;
 Without her all endowments fail,
 Droop, wither, and decay.

Pale envy, pining at another's weal,
 She never yet admitted for a guest ;
 Nor cou'd suspicion ever yet conceal
 Her canker'd head within the Virgin's breast.

Here fell detraction, hideous fiend,
 Admission never gain'd ;
 Here injur'd merit ever finds a friend,
 Is ever entertain'd.

When she within no longer shines,
 In reason's eye, external beauties fade,
 The radiance of the brightest parts declines,
 And dwindle^s to a shade.

If, forc'd by vice, she hides her face,
 Fair honour sinks to foul disgrace,
 Rare flowers to vilest weeds :
 Dominion turns to lawless sway,
 Zeal stoops each bigot to obey,
 Wild anarchy succeeds.
 Religion's widely-celebrated fame,
 Without her aid divine, is nothing but a name.

IV.

With her immortal charms,
 Was the brave *Roman* won,
 Who stood invincible in arms,
 Like great *Bellona*'s son.

The meek-eyed goddess from afar
 Descry'd this *Thunder-bolt of War*,
 Amid the martial train ;
 Of her approach the wond'ring crowd
 Applaud the mild effects aloud,
 But seek the cause in vain.

With look serene, she caught the Heroe's eye ;
 Of all its terror soon his brow disarm'd ;
 With gentle steps, and mildest mien drew nigh ;
 And all his breast with kind compassion warm'd.

Before

Before her face vindictive rage exir'd,
 Each tender passion feiz'd his soul,
 There, pity reign'd without controul,
 While each oppressive thought in haste retir'd,
 And sentiments divine the godlike man inspir'd.

V.

The fairest piece that nature's easy hand
 E'er form'd, or softest pencil ever drew,
 See here (distressful sight !) a captive stand,
 Trembling and pale amid the martial crew :

That more than mortal lustre of her eyes,
 Destin'd, alas ! ~~to~~ be the victor's prize,
 Without concern what *stoic* can survey ?
 To see those tears in endless torrents flow,
 Expressive emblem of her ceaseless woe,
 Ev'n apathy sensation must betray.

What glimpse of hope for her remains ?
 Her hapless lover see in chains ;
 The pow'rful prince no more !
 Hear him, regardless of *his own*,
 Affected with her fate alone,
 In loud laments her misery deplore !

“ My kingdom lost by heav'n's severe decree !
 “ But what are *kingdoms*, what are *worlds* to thee ?
 “ I pleas'd would bear, wou'd hug, the galling chain,
 “ Cou'd that, my love, thy liberty regain.
 “ But I despair ; O snatch, ye fates, my breath ;
 “ Yield me the sad, the sure, the last relief of death.”

IV.

VI.

Grief's mournful accents reach the hero's ear,
 It's various forms affect his pitying eye ;
 And hence his fame far greater will appear,
 Than that before him, mighty armies fly.

Victorious o'er each stubborn foe
 In *Mars'* tremendous fields,
 Now vanquish'd by this scene of woe
 His heart to pity yields.

Heaven's ! how the victor charms the list'ning throng !
 From coldest hearts what warm applause,
 Unsought, each flowing period draws ;
 Mild as the man, and as the warrior strong !

" No, no, my friends ! I ever shall disdain
 " A pleasure purchas'd with another's pain.
 " Let not a veil be o'er my glory drawn,
 " And check it's splendor in it's very dawn.
 " O prince, so blest with fortune's smiles so late,
 " Now doom'd to know this sad reverse of fate,
 " By *war's* decree this beauteous nymph is mne,
 " Thy promis'd bride whose charms are all divine,
 " With whom I cou'd, in *Hymen's* sacred bands,
 " Enraptur'd join my heart as well as hands ;
 " But love stands checkt, *Humanity* presides
 " O'er each warm wish, and ev'ry passion guides ;
 " I feel her influence, own her sov'reign sway,
 " And ever shall her mild commands obey :
 " And while the goddess bids me to refrain,
 " Youth sues unheard, and love shall plead in vain.

" With

“ With triumphs pleas’d, yet sway’d by mercy more,
 “ I quell to free, and conquer to restore.
 “ The pitying fates avert th’ impending stroke,
 “ And war’s decrees in mildest strains revoke.
 “ Brave prince, in chains no longer doom’d to pine,
 “ Thy freedom, kingdom, bride and all, are thine ;
 “ And while thy eyes survey these heav’nly charms,
 “ Be still a friend to *Rome*’s victorious arms.”

He ceas’d ; the dome with acclamations rung ;
 Of such unrival’d goodness the surprise,
 With peals of praises, fill’d the distant skies ;
 The pleasing theme of ev’ry gentle tongue.
 The *Heroe*’s deeds soon reach’d the starry frame,
 Admiring ages shall record his name,
 And jarring nations join to celebrate his fame. }

VII.

The northern *bears* shall quit the *pole*,
 And drop into the main ;
 The wheels of time forget to roll,
 And *Chaos* mount his ancient throne again ;
 Ere thy fair deeds shall in oblivion rot,
 Or envy’s tooth obliterate thy name ;
 Ere thy due praise, great *Scipio*, is forgot,
 Or stands the second in the rolls of fame.

In *Livy*’s worth-recording page,
 Transmitted down thro’ ev’ry age,
 Thy deathless virtues shine ;
 Superior to great *Maro*’s lays,
 Expression sinks beneath thy praise,
 Beneath thy deeds divine !

Thy great exploits *Fame's* trumpet shall rehearse,

While both the poles re-echo to the sound;

These bards shall sing in many a deathless verse,

And for th' attempt for ever be renown'd.

Extending *Science*, on her eagle-wings,

To *Lybian* shores thy story shall convey;

Fez shall receive the present which she brings,

And joy to read her savage soul away.

India shall trace the features of thy mind,

And in the act imbibe transmuting fire;

Each passion thence, each mental pow'r, refin'd,

To thy fair fame she nobly shall aspire.

Those valiant souls, whom martial glory warms,

Thy monuments insatiably explore;

Scipio the *Great*, th' invincible in arms,

The sons of *Mars* from age to age adore;

But the *humane* shall live, when *Mars* shall be no more.

F I N I S.

